

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ARTHUR FALLS IN WITH SQUATTERS.

CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.

A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.—NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

The blazed line went on fairly enough for some miles; over hillocks of hardwood, and across marshes of dank evergreens, where logs had been laid lengthwise for dry footing. At last Arthur

thought he must be drawing near to a clearing; for light appeared through the dense veil of trees before him, as if some extensive break to the vast continuity of forest occurred beyond. Soon he stood on its verge. Ay, surely a clearing; but no human hands had been at work.

Hundreds of huge trees lay strewn about, as if they had been wrenched off their stumps by some irresistible power seizing the branched heads and

hurling them to the earth. Torn up by the massy roots, or twisted round as you would try to break an obstinately tough withe, for many score of acres the wildest confusion of prostrate maples and elms and pines, heaped upon one another, locked in death-embraces, quite obliterated any track, and blocked across the country. Arthur had come upon what French Canadians call a "renversé," effected by some partial whirlwind during the preceding summer.

Such tornadoes often crash a road of destruction through the bush for miles; a path narrow in comparison with its length, and reminding the traveller of the explosive fury of some vast projectile. The track of one has been observable for more than forty miles right through the heart of uninhabited forest.

To cross the stupendous barrier seemed impossible to Arthur. There was a tangled chaos of interlaced and withering boughs and trunks; such a *chevaux de frise* might stop a regiment, until some slow sap cut a path through; and he was without axe, or even a large knife. He must work his way round; and yet he was most unwilling to part company with the blaze.

While hesitating, and rather ruefully contemplating the obstacle, a sound at a considerable distance struck his ear. It was—oh joy!—the blows of an axe. Instantly he went in the direction. When near enough to be heard, he shouted. An answering hail came from the other side of the windfall; but presently he saw that an attempt had been made to log up the fallen timber in heaps, and, making his way through the blackened stumps of extinct fires, he reached the spot where two rough-looking men were at work with handspikes and axes.

They had built a little hut, whence a faint smoke curled, the back wall of piled logs still wearing dead branches and foliage at the ends. A reddish cur, as lawless-looking as his masters, rushed from the doorway to snap at Arthur's heels. The suspicious glances of the foresters bore hardly more welcome, till they heard that the stranger belonged to the settlers on Cedar Pond, and had simply lost his way. They informed him in return, with exceeding frankness, that they were squatters, taking possession of this strip of bush without anybody's leave, and determined to hold their own against all comers. An apparently well-used rifle, lying against a log close by, gave this speech considerable emphasis.

Arthur wanted nothing more from them than to be put on the surveyor's line again; and, when directed to the blaze, speedily left the sound of their axes far behind. In half an hour he reached other traces of mankind—a regularly chopped road, where the trees had been felled for the proper width, and only here and there an obstinate trunk had come down wrongly, and lay right across, to be climbed over or crept under according to the wayfarer's taste. In marshy spots he was treated to strips of corduroy; for the settled parts of the country were near.

"Holloa! Uncle Zack, is that you?"

The person addressed stood in a snake-fenced

field, superintending a couple of labourers. He turned round at the hail, and stared as if he did not believe his senses.

"Wal, I guess I warn't never skeered in my life before. They're all out lookin' for you; Nim, an' the whole 'Corner' bodily. Your brother's distracted ravin' mad this two days, huntin' the bush; but I told him you'd be sartin sure to turn up somehow. Now, whar air you runnin' so fast? there ain't nobody to hum, an' we 'greed to fire the rifles as a signal, whoever fust got tidins of you. Three shots arter another," as young Wynn fired in the air. "Come, quick as wink, they'll be listenin'."

"Robert will know the report," observed Arthur, with a smile to think of his pleasure in the recognition; "if he's near enough."

"We'll make tracks for the 'Corner,' I guess," said Uncle Zack with alacrity; "that war the meetin'-place, an' you must be powerful hungry. I'd ha' been to sarch for you to-day, only them Irish fellers at the clearin' wanted lookin' arter precious bad. (Lucky I got in them kegs o' whisky; he'll have to stand treat for the neighbours," thought 'cute Uncle Zack, in a sort of mental parenthesis.) "But now do tell! you must ha' gone a terrible big round, I guess. They took the Injin out to foller your trail; them savages has noses an' eyes like hounds. We'll fire my rifle from the store; it's bigger than yourn."

His abstraction of mind during Arthur's narrative was owing to a judicious maturing of certain plans for exacting the greatest amount of profit from the occurrence; but he contrived to interlard his listening with such appropriate interjections, as, "Now do tell! How you talk! Wal, I'd kinder like to know!" mentally watering his whisky the while.

Mrs. Zack, also scenting the prey afar off, was polite as that lady could be, only to good customers. Arthur's impatience for the arrival of the parties from the bush hardly permitted him to do more than taste the meal she provided. Within doors he could not stay, though weary enough to want rest. The few log-cabins of the "Corner" looked more drowsily quiet than usual; the saw-mill was silent. Zack was turning over some soiled and scribbled ledgers on his counter. Suddenly, a shot in the woods quite near: a detachment of the searchers had arrived.

That the rejoicing would take its usual form, an emptying of his spirit-kegs, Zack Bunting had never doubted. But the second word to the bargain, Mr. Wynn's promise to stand treat, had not been given, though it was a mere matter of form, Zack thought. Robert spoke to the neighbours, and thanked them collectively for their exertions, in a most cordial manner, on behalf of himself and his brother, and was turning to go home, when the Yankee storekeeper touched his elbow.

"Taint the usual doins to let 'em away dry," suggested he, with a meaning smile. "'Spose you stand treat now; 'twill fix the business handsome."

That keen snaky eye of his could easily read the momentary struggle in Robert's mind, between the desire not to appear singular and unfriendly, and the dislike to encouraging that whisky-drink-

ing, which is the bane of working men everywhere, but most especially in the colonies. Sam Holt watched for his decision. Perhaps the knowledge of what that calm strong nature by his side would do, helped to confirm Robert's wavering into bold action.

"Certainly not," he said loudly, that all might hear. "I'll not give any whisky on any account. It ruins nine-tenths of the people. I'm quite willing to reward those who have kindly given time and trouble to help me, but it shall not be in that way."

Zack's smoke-dried complexion became white-washed with disappointment.

A day or two afterwards, Zack's son, Nimrod, made his appearance at the Wynns' shanty.

"I say, but you're a prime chap, arter the rise you took out of the ole coon," was his first remark. "Uncle Zack was as sartin as I stand of five gallons gone, anyhow; and 'twas a rael balk to put him an' them off with an apology. I guess you won't mind their sayin' it's the truth of a shabby dodge, though."

"Not a bit," replied Robert; "I expected something of the kind. I didn't imagine I'd please anybody but my own conscience."

"Conscience!" reiterated Nim, with a sneer. "That stock hain't a long life in the bush, I guess. A storekeeper han't no business on it nohow—'twould starve him out; so uncle Zack don't keep it." And his unpleasant little eyes twinkled again at the idea of such unwonted connection as his father and a conscience.

"That Indjin war hoppin' mad, I can tell you; for they be the greatest brutes at gettin' drunk in the univarsal world. They'll do 'most anythin' for whisky."

"The greater the cruelty of giving it to them," said Robert.

"What air you doin'?" asked Nimrod, after a moment's survey of the other's work.

"Shingling," was the reply. "Learning to make shingles."

"An' you call *them* shingles?" kicking aside, with a gesture of contempt, the uneven slices of pinewood which had fallen from Robert's tool. "You hain't dressed the sapwood off them blocks, and the grain eats into one another, besides. True for uncle Zack, that gentry from the old country warn't never born to be handlin' axes an' frows. It don't come kinder nateral. They shouldn't be no thicker than four to an inch, to be rael hand-some shingles," added he, "such as sell for seven-an'-sixpence a thousand."

Nimrod's pertinacious supervision could not be got rid of until dinner; not even though Mr. Wynn asked him his errand in no conciliatory tone.

"Thought I'd kinder like to see how ye were gittin' on," was the answer. "New settlers is so precious awk'ard. Thought I'd loaf about awhile, an' see. It's sorter amusin'."

He was so ignorantly unconscious of doing anything offensive by such gratification of his curiosity, that Robert hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry. Nimrod's thick-skinned sensibilities would have cared little for either. He lounged

about, whittling sticks, chewing tobacco, and asking questions, until Andy's stentorian call resounded through the woods near.

"I guessed I'd dine with you to-day," said Nim, marching on before his host. With equal coolness, as soon as the dish of trout appeared, he transfixed the largest with his caseknife.

"Not so fast, my friend," interrupted Mr. Holt, bringing back the captive. "We divide fair here, though it's not Yankee law, I'm aware."

"Ah, you warn't born yesterday," rejoined Nim, showing his yellow teeth, which seemed individually made and set after the pattern of his father's. "You're a smart man, I guess—raised in Amerikay, an' no mistake."

"But come, Andy," said Arthur, "tell us where you caught these fine trout? you've altogether made a brilliant effort to-day in the purveying line: the cakes are particularly good."

"They're what them French fellers call 'galettes,'" observed Nimrod, biting one. "Flour an' water, baked in the ashes. Turnpike bread is better—what the ole gall makes to hum."

Be it remarked that this periphrasis indicated his mother; and that the bread he alluded to is made with a species of leaven.

"So ye *ate* turnpikes too," remarked Andy, obliquely glancing at the speaker. "The English language isn't much help to a man in this country, where everythin' manes somethin' else. Well, Mither Arthur, about the trout; you remember I went down to the 'Corner' this mornin'. Now it's been on my mind some days back, that ye'd want a few shirts washed."

"But what that has to do with the trout—" interrupted Arthur, laughing.

"Whisht awhile, an' you'll hear. I didn't know how to set about it, no more than the child of a month old; for there's an art in it, of coorse, like in everythin' else; an' one time I thried to whiten a shirt ov me own—beggin' yer honours' pardon for mintonin' the article—it kem out of the pot blacker than it wint in. So, sez I to meself, 'I'll look out for the cleanest house, an' I'll ax the good woman to tache me how to wash a thing; an' I walks along from the store to a nate little cabin back from the river, that had flowers growin' in the front; an' sure enough, the floor was as clane as a dhrawin'-room, an' a dacent tidy little woman kneadin' a cake on the table. 'Ma'am,' sez I, 'I'm obliged to turn washerwoman, an' I don't know how;' but she only curtsied, an' said somethin' in a furrin tongue."

"A French Canadian, I suppose," said Mr. Wynn.

"Jackey Dubois lives in the log-hut with the flowers," observed Nim, who was whittling again by way of dessert.

"May be so, but at all events she was as like as two peas to the girl whose weddin' I was at since I came ashore. 'Ma'am,' sez I, 'I want to larn to be a washerwoman;' and wid that I took off my neckerchief an' rubbed it, to show what I meant by the rule of thumb. 'Ah, to vash,' sez she, smilin' like a leatheroat potato. So, after that, she took my handkercher and washed it forment me out; an' I'd watched before how she med the cakes, an' cleared

a little space by the fire to bake 'em, an' covered them up wid hot ashes."

"Not a word about the trout," said Arthur.

"How can I tell everything intirely all at wanst?" replied the Irishman, with an injured tone. "Sure I was comin' to that. I observed her looking par-tikler admirin' at the handkercher, which was a handsome yellow spot, so I up an' axed her to take a present of it, an' I settled it like an apron in front, to show how iligant 'twould look; an' she was mighty plased, an' curtsied ever so often, an' Jackey himself gev me the trout out of a big basket he brought in. The river's fairly alive wid 'em, I'm tould; an' they risin' to a brown-bodied fly, Misther Arthur."

"We'll have a look at them some spare day, Andy."

"But what tuk my fancy intirely, was the iligant plan of bilin' 'em she had. There war round stones warmin' in the fire, an' she dropped 'em into a pot of water till it was scalding hot; then in wid the fish, addin' more stones to keep it singin'. It's an Injin fashion, Jackey told me; for they haven't nothin' to cook in but wooden pails; but I thried it wid them trout yer atin', an' it answered beautiful."

Andy bid fair to be no mean *chef-de-cuisine*, if his experiments always resulted so favourably as in the present instance.

"An' the whole of it is, Misther Robert, that this Canada is a country where the very best of atin' and dhrinkin' is to be had for the throuble of pickin' it up. Don't I see the poorest cabins wid plenty of bacon hangin' to the rafters, an' the trees is full of birds that nobody can summons you for catchin', an' the sthrames is walkin' wid fish; I'm tould there's sugar to be had by bilin' the juice of a bush; an' if you scratch the ground, it'll give you bushels of praties an' whate for the axin'. I wish I had all the neighbours out here, that's a fact; for it's a grand poor man's country, an' there's too many of us at home, Misther Robert; 'an' (as if this were the climax of wonders), I never see a beggar since I left the Cove o' Cork!"

"All true, Andy, quite true," said his master, with a little sigh. "Hard work will get a man anything here."

"I must be goin'," said Nimrod, raising his lank figure on its big feet. "But I guess that be for you;" and he tossed to Robert a soiled piece of newspaper, wrapped round some square slight packet.

"Letters from home! Why, you unconscionable ——" burst forth Arthur; "loafing about here for these three hours, and never to produce them!" But Nim had made off among the trees, grinning in every long tooth.

Ah, those letters from home! How sweet, yet how saddening! Mr. Holt went off to chop alone. But first he found time to intercept Nimrod on the road, and rather lower his triumphant flush at successfully "riling the Britishers," by the information that he (Mr. Holt) would write to the post-office authorities, to ask whether their agent at the "Corner" was justified in detaining letters for some hours after they might have been delivered.

CHAPTER XX.—GIANT TWO-SHOES.

THE calendar of the settler is apt to get rather confused, owing to the uniformity of his life and the absence of the landmarks of civilization. Where "the sound of the church-going bell" has never been heard, and there is nothing to distinguish one day from another, but the monotonous tide of time lapses on without a break, it will easily be imagined that the observance of a sabbath is much neglected, either through forgetfulness or press of labour. The ministrations of religion by no means keep pace with the necessities of society in the Canadian wilds. Here is a wide field for the spiritual toil of earnest men, among a people speaking the English language and owning English allegiance; and unless the roots of this great growing nation be grounded in piety, we cannot hope for its orderly and healthful expansion in that "righteousness which exalteth a people."

Once a year or so, an itinerant Methodist preacher visited the "Corner," and held his meeting in Zack Bunting's large room. But regular means of grace the neighbourhood had none. A result was, that few of the settlers about Cedar Creek acknowledged the Sabbath rest in practice; and those who were busiest and most isolated sometimes lost the count of their week-days altogether. Robert Wynn thought it right to mark off Sunday very distinctly for himself and his household, by a total cessation of labour, and the establishment of regular worship. Andy made no sort of objection, now that he was out of the priest's reach.

Other days were laborious enough. In the underbrushing was included the cutting up all fallen timber, and piling it in heaps for the spring burnings. Gradually the dense thickets of hemlock,* hickory, and balsam were being laid in windrows, and the long darkened soil saw daylight. The fine old trees, hitherto swathed deeply in masses of summer foliage, stood with bared bases before the axe, awaiting their stroke likewise, in sturdy stoicism.

Then the latest days in November brought the snow. Steadily and silently the grey heavens covered the shivering earth with its smooth woolly coating of purest flakes. While wet Atlantic breezes moaned sorrowfully round Dunore, as if wailing over shattered fortunes, the little log-shanty in the Canadian bush was deep in snow. Not so large as the butler's pantry in that old house at home, nor so well furnished as the meanest servant's apartment had been during the prosperous times, with hardly one of the accessories considered indispensable to comfort in the most ordinary British sitting-room, yet the rough shanty had a pleasantness of its own, a brightness of indoor weather, such as is often wanting where the fittings of domestic life are superb. Hope was in the Pandora's box to qualify all evils.

By the firelight, the settlers were this evening carrying on various occupations. Mr. Holt's seemed the most curious, and was the centre of attraction, though Robert was cutting shingles,

* Hemlock Spruce, (*Abies Canadensis*), a species of Pine or Fir tree, furnishing the Canada Pitch of commerce.

and Arthur manufacturing a walnut-wood stool in primitive tripod style.

"I tell you what," said he, leaning on the end of his plane, whence a shaving had just slowly curled away, "I never shall be able to assist at or countenance a logging-bee, for I consider it the grossest waste of valuable merchandise. The idea of voluntarily turning into smoke and ashes, the most exquisitely-grained bird's-eye maple, black walnut, heart-of-oak, cherry, and birch—it's a shame for you, Holt, not to raise your voice against such wilful waste, which will be sure to make woeful want some day. Why, the cabinet-makers at home would give you almost any money for a cargo of such walnut as this under my hand."

"I regret it as much as you do; but till the country has more railroads it is unavoidable, and only vexatious to think of. We certainly do burn away hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of the most expensive wood, while people in England pay enormous prices for furniture which our refuse timber could supply."

"And don't you export any ornamental wood?" asked Robert; "I saw plenty of deals swimming down the St. Lawrence."

"Yes, pine timber meets with the readiest market, and is easiest procurable. But even in that there is the most unjustifiable wastefulness practised. I was among the lumberers once, and saw the way they square the white pine. You know that every tree is of course tapering in the trunk, narrower at the top than at the base; now, to square the log, the best timber of the lower part must be hewn away, to make it of equal dimensions with the upper part. I am not above the mark when I say that millions of excellent boards are left to rot in the forest by this piece of mismanagement, and the white-pine woods are disappearing rapidly."

But Arthur's sympathies could not be roused for such ordinary stuff as deal, to the degree of resentment he felt for the wholesale destruction of cabinet-makers' woods.

"If I may make so bould, sir," said Andy, edging forward, "might I ax what yer honour is makin'? Only there aren't any giants in the country, I'd think it was a pair of shoes, may be."

"You've guessed rightly," replied Mr. Holt, holding up his two colossal frames, so that they rested on edge. "Yes, Andy, a pair of shoes near six feet long! What do you think of that new Canadian wonder?"

"I dunno where you'll get feet to fit 'em," said Andy, dubiously. "They're mostly as big as boats, an' much the same shape. Maybe they're for crossin' the wather in?"

"I intend to wear them myself, Andy," said the manufacturer, "but on dry land. You must be looking out for a pair too, if the snow continues, as is pretty certain, and you want to go down to the 'Corner' before it is frozen over."

"Why have you cut that hole in the middle of the board?" asked Robert, inspecting the gigantic wooden sole.

"To give the toes play," was the answer. "All

parts of the foot must have the freest action in snow-shoes."

"I remember a pair at Maple Grove," said Arthur, "made of leathern network, fastened to frames and crossbars, with the most complicated apparatus for the foot in the middle."

"It is said by scientific men," said Mr. Holt, "that if the theory of walking over soft snow were propounded, not all the mechanical knowledge of the present day could contrive a more perfect means of meeting the difficulty, than that snow-shoe of the Ojibbeway Indians. It spreads the weight equally over the wide surface; see, I've been trying, with these cords and thongs, to imitate their mechanism in this hollow of my plank. Here's the walking thong, and the open mesh through which the toes pass, and which is pressed against by the ball of the foot, so as to draw the shoe after it. Then here's the heel-cord, a sort of sling passing round so as partially to imprison and yet leave free. The centre of the foot is held fast enough, you perceive."

Robert shook his head. "One thing is pretty clear," said he, "I shall never be able to walk in snow-shoes."

"Did you think you would ever be expert at felling pines?" was Mr. Holt's unanswerable answer.

SIR RICHARD WHITYNGTON.

WE are afraid that the true history of this renowned personage will destroy some of the romance with which his name has usually been connected. But if in this, as in other cases, truth is not quite so strange as fiction, the interest and usefulness of the biography will be not the less.

In a recent part of the "*Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society*,"* we find a memoir of Sir Richard Whityngton, by Mr. Deputy Lott, which we extract by the kind leave of that excellent Society.

Whityngton could not have been of that obscure and poor parentage which traditionary tales assert, for that in the deeds of foundation and statutes of the college and almshouse established by him, or under his directions, special provision is made for certain religious observances in behalf of the souls of his parents, who are described as "*Sir William Whityngton, knight, and Lady Joan his wife.*" The Calendar of Inquisitions *post mortem* makes mention of one taken in 1372, after the death of a "Joan, wife of William de Whityngton," and also of another taken in the following year, in which she is described as "Joan, who had been wife of William de Whityngton, deceased." These would seem to be the father and mother of Sir Richard; and, it may be observed, if he had reached manhood before they died, his own age at the time of his decease, in 1423, would be thus shown to be a little above seventy. One authority states him to have been born in Shropshire about 1354, while another says he was a native of Lancashire, and was born in 1360. The belief that he belonged to Shropshire is favoured

* Vol. I. Part 3, p. 309. Published by J. B. Nichols and Sons.

by the fact that that county contains a place called Whityngton, formerly of some note, and from which his surname (as his father was called Sir William *de Whityngton*) may have been derived. The lordship and castle of this place (Whityngton), and the advowson of the church there, were for several generations in the hands of a family of high distinction, named Fitzwaryn, and Sir Richard Whityngton married into this family; his wife (as appears by the endowment deeds of his hospital in London) being Alice, daughter of Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn and Dame Matilda his wife. The mother of this Dame Matilda, by a second marriage, became the wife of Lord Maltravers (who died in 1364); she survived him some years, and by her will, made in 1374, left a bequest to the above-named Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn and Dame Maud his wife, adding to the latter name the designation, "my daughter."

Concerning Richard Whityngton's first settlement in London, no authentic particulars have been discovered; nor are there any very reliable traces of the means by which he acquired his subsequent position of wealth and importance, though no doubt the traditionary account is so far correct, that he owed his advancement to the successful prosecution of trade and commerce. The earliest mention of him which has been found in the City Records is in 1386, when there is an entry, that on the 24th of September, 10th Rich. II, he came before the mayor (Sir Nicholas Brembre), the recorder, the aldermen, and common council, and became bound to the chamberlain (Richard Odyham) for ten pounds sterling, to be paid by him or his executors at the feast of St. Michael next coming, in default whereof the amount was to be levied on his lands, tenements, goods, and chattels, according to the custom of the City.

The next notice of him—which seems to be the commencement of his career as a civic functionary—is in 1393, when he was chosen alderman of the Ward of Broad Street, "by the good men of that ward." At this time the election of aldermen took place *annually*. On the 21st of September (the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle) in the same year, he was elected one of the sheriffs.

In the year 1394 (during Whityngton's shrievalty) a charter was granted in Parliament, that the aldermen should not thenceforth be removed from their offices during their lives, except for reasonable cause; but that those chosen at the election then about to take place should not assume office until their names were reported to the king and his pleasure taken thereon. In the election made that year, Whityngton was again chosen alderman for Broad Street Ward, by the good men of the same ward; all the parties elected were approved by a writ from the king, and the election annually was thenceforth discontinued.

On the 6th of June, 1397, the citizens were deprived of their lord mayor (Adam Bamme) by death; and two days afterwards Whityngton was appointed as his successor, for the remainder of his term of office, by a writ from the king.

On the recurrence of the day for the annual election of mayor, viz. the feast of St. Edward the King and Confessor (October 13th), Whityngton

was chosen by the assembled citizens to fill the office for the succeeding year, and was accordingly sworn in on the 28th of the same month, the feast of the Apostles Simon and Jude.

In 1406 (8th Hen. IV.) he was again elected to the same office for the following year; on which occasion the then mayor, John Woodcock, caused "a mass of the Holy Ghost" to be celebrated in the Guildhall Chapel before the election; and, at the request of the Commoners, it was on the same day ordained that a similar mass should be celebrated on the day of the election of mayor in after years. This was the origin of the religious observance which is still kept up on that day.

In 1416 (4th Hen. V.), the City Records show Whityngton to have been elected one of the four representatives for the city, in a parliament summoned to be held at Westminster on the 13th of October in that year; although Maitland and other London historians, who profess to give a complete list of the members for the city, make no mention of this fact.

In 1419 (7th Hen. V.), he was again called by the voice of his fellow-citizens to fill the office of mayor, which he accordingly assumed for the fourth and last time. He continued to take part in the city's affairs until a few months of his decease. The entry of the election of sheriffs, on the 21st of September, 1422, furnishes the last trace of his attendance at any civic assembly, and he died early in the following March. His will, dated 5th of September, 1421, was proved in the Court of Hustings (in the rolls of which it is still to be seen), on the Monday after the feast of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas (March 7th), 1423, his executors being John Coventre, alderman, John White, clerk, John Carpenter (the celebrated town clerk, compiler of *Liber Albus*, and founder of the City of London School,) and William Grove.

It appears that Whityngton left no family, and that his wife died some years before him. In his will he states his residence to be in a house in the parish of St. Michael Paternoster in the Royal, and according to his desire he was buried in the church of that parish, where his wife also lay. He left, for the expenses of decently furnishing his funeral, and for the saying at its vespers after his decease a *Placebo et Dirige*, and for a mass of Requiem on the morrow, with a commemoration a month afterwards, on behalf of his soul and the souls of his father, his mother, Alice his wife, and of all those for whom he was justly bound to pray, and of all the faithful departed, one hundred pounds; he also gave to every poor man, woman, and child, on the day of his exequies, one penny.

Whityngton seems to have acquired considerable wealth, and to have employed it chiefly in deeds of liberality, in patriotic offerings to his sovereign, Henry V., to meet the exigencies of his wars in France, in works of public utility, and in acts of piety, and benevolence to the poor. He, in his life-time, and by means of his executors after his decease, rebuilt the church of St. Michael Royal, and established a college there for a master and four fellows (priests), with clerks, choristers, etc., together with a hospital or almshouse for thirteen

poor men, the chief of whom was called tutor. Statutes and ordinances were made for the government of these establishments, and endowments left for their support. The city gate, called Newgate, the common prison for felons, was entirely rebuilt at his expense; so was great part of the hospital of St. Bartholomew; also a spacious library at the house of the Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital. Out of his possessions the means were furnished for completing the present Guildhall, and for helping to build a "fair and large library" adjoining the Guildhall Chapel, as well as for erecting several bosses for supplying spring water in various parts of the city, and for performing many other good works.

The well-known romance which ascribes Whityngton's good fortune to the exploits of a cat, is to be found applied to other individuals besides him; and it is clearly shown by Mr. Keightley, in his "Tales and Popular Fictions," and by other writers, that a similar legend was current in Italy, and in other parts of the world, before it was known in England, and before Whityngton was born. None of the chroniclers or early historians who mention Whityngton notice any such tale in connection with him. The earliest allusion to it which has been found is in the beginning of the reign of James I. On February 8th, 1604, a play was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, by Thomas Pavier, entitled, "The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrthe and his great fortune; as yt was plaied by the Prynce's Servants;" and on July 6, 1605, a ballad called "The Wondrous Life and Memorable Death of Sir Richard Whityngton, now some time Lord Mayor of the Honourable City of London." In the second part of Thomas Heywood's play on the "Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth," originally published in 1606, is a scene in which Dr. Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, introduces a party of friends to his gallery of "good citizens," and amongst them is one of Whityngton, of whom he thus speaks:—

"This Sir Richard Whittington, three times mayor,
Son to a knight, and 'prentice to a mercer,
Began the library of Gray Friars in London,
And his executors after him did build
Whittington College, thirteen almshouses for poor men,
Repair'd St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield,
Glaz'd the Guildhall, and built Newgate."

Upon which one of the party, Hobson, a haberdasher, exclaims:—

"Bones a me! then I have heard lies!
For I have heard he was a scullion,
And rais'd himself by venture of a cat."

To which Dr. Nowell replies—

"They did the more wrong to the gentleman."

Thus showing that the popular tale was not credited by the better informed classes.

The tradition as to the stone called Whityngton's Stone, at the foot of Highgate Hill, being designed to mark the resting-place of the runaway youth, whence he heard Bow bells invite him back to London as its future Lord Mayor, seems equally without foundation. It appears that the original stone (which has been twice replaced by others) is represented in an old "View of Highgate from

Upper Holloway" (published in 1745), as the base or plinth of a cross, with part of a pillar still remaining; and that it was in all probability a wayside cross erected for the purpose of attracting the notice and exciting the sympathy of the traveller to the unhappy inmates of a Lazarhouse, or hospital, for the reception of leprous persons, which is proved to have stood near the spot, in a field a little off the road. The hospital was not founded until the 12th Edward IV, 1473, which was long after Whityngton's death, and therefore the cross is not likely to have been of earlier date. The existence of the hospital can be traced down to 1653, when the land, which had belonged to Charles I, was sold to Ralph Harrison, of London, Esq., and every vestige of the edifice has long been destroyed.

Mr. Deputy Lott's paper comprised a variety of particulars on other topics incidentally connected with Whityngton, and in the course of reading it he acknowledged himself indebted to his friend Mr. Brewer, one of the members of the Society, and the biographer of John Carpenter, who was one of Whityngton's executors, for much valuable and curious information on the subject of his inquiries.

"FAST" AND "STEADY;"

OR, THE CAREER OF TWO CLERKS.

PLATE V.—SCENE THE FIRST.

YEARS have passed away. Mr. Johnson and young Littlewit have long parted company. The employer bore with his artful clerk's idleness and inattention with as much patience as he could muster, until the term expired; and then, with gladness not at all disguised, Fred quitted the counting-house for good.

But Littlewit "knows a thing or two;" and one of these things is, that "there are more ways than one for a fellow to get on in;" and another piece of knowledge that he has picked up is, that "London is the ticket." What he means by this, our artist has partly indicated, and we shall endeavour to illustrate.

But first of all, we must explain that when our young clerk turned his back on the merchant's office, he had already a course marked out for him; and if you had happened last week to light upon him in business hours, or what he calls such, you would have found him in a lively scene of brilliant bustle and leisurely activity, before which Mr. Johnson's dull counting-house would naturally pale with envy and conscious insignificance.

By dint of a good address, plentiful assurance, well-simulated business knowledge and habits, backed by powerful interest, Fred has slipped easily enough into a position in life, the attainment of which would gladden the heart of many an upright able toiler, whom years of hard and arduous desk-service have failed to place far beyond the lowest rounds in the official ladder. And herein is a marvel. Go where you will, reader, and you shall find, now and then, the pert, conceited, empty-headed coxcomb—

"Whose eyes shall hardly serve, at most,
To guard their master 'gainst a post!"—

placed in high power and trust; while the groundling at his feet, the true worker, the patient enduring plodder, who finds brains for his superior (!), and uses them too, not unfrequently to ward off the consequences of that superior's negligence, folly, and ignorance, is left disregarded to pine in obscurity. And you sometimes hear the sorrowful, poverty-extorted moan, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain; I have washed my hands in innocence." Well, well; wait a little while, and the wrong shall be made right, and the marvel shall cease.

Fred Littlewit is "in luck" now, as he will tell you. No more dull drawing in and out; no more sticking to the desk through long dreary hours, when the heart is far away; no more mill-horse work. He is in high feather—cock of the walk, or pretty near it, as we may be told in the share department at —; confidential clerk to the great COMPANY; has the handling of fabulous amounts of something equal to ready cash; makes up his own books in his own way, at his own leisure; and exacts homage from greedy applicants for favour. Once in a way, he attends a "board;" but boards are naturally wooden, he says; and if you plane them with the grain, they are soft enough to work upon.

You wonder by what magic all this apparent metamorphosis has been brought about. We have already told you; but—yes, there may be a secret at the bottom of it which only "Frederick Littlewit, Esquire" (this is his designation now), Mephistopheles, and one or two others, know anything about. Ask Fred to explain, and he will tell you, with a knowing wink, caught years ago from the Somerville groom, and improved upon by constant practice, that he is "up to chaff, you see;" that "it is better to be born lucky than rich;" and if he were to add, "sharp than honest," he would say what is equally a part of his creed.

Will you please to glance, reader (with our eyes), at the domicile of our "lucky" clerk; we beg pardon—*Secretary*. To be sure, the young gentleman has not had time to develop all his ideas in this particular; and besides, he has a regard to appearances, and has gone cautiously to work. Nevertheless, he cannot forget that he has luxurious and, in his own opinion, highly genteel tastes; we saw something of these in our last sketch, you will remember; and by this time there has been an expansion in their indulgence. He left his old lodgings, some time ago, in disgust; "they were so mean and beggarly, you see;" and now, if you want to find Fred at home, you must go a little way out of the city, westward.

"This is the ticket," says Fred, should you be in his confidence, as he introduces you to his first-floor apartments over the cigar shop in Blaque Street, and inducts you into a softly-cushioned lounging chair, while he throws himself at full length on his sofa, to rest after his fatiguing and exhausting work at "that precious shop." Are you a smoker? All right, here are havannahs and cheroots of the choicest. Do you prefer tobacco? Here are pipes which a Turk might envy. Will you drink with him? You shall taste his cham-

pagne, and tell him what you think of *that*. Do you wish to dine? He will take you to his club. Are you inclined for a little gentle dissipation? He has a ticket for the opera at your service. Will you make a night of it? Agreed; he will adjourn with you from the opera-house to the billiard-rooms somewhere over the way. Are you for none of these things, but prefer to sit quietly in his room? Very good; you shall see company there, to keep off or drive away the blues; so, while you look round with wonder and envy, perhaps, ("dull dog" that you are,) at the expensive knickknackery by which you are surrounded, and are thinking what a pleasant thing it must be to be the trusted servant of a Company, a young foot-page, in gold and green, is despatched with notes, written on scented paper, summoning a choice spirit or two—Mephistopheles among them, be sure—to the aid of their friend, in making up a pleasant little party for his country visitor.

"Yes, I think this is about the ticket," says Frederick Littlewit, Esquire, looking round with complacency, and laughing lightly at your astonishment: "this is how we do the thing now. Come again in a year's time, and we'll put a little higher figure upon it. However, we manage to make shift just at present." A very decent make-shift too, you think. Pardon us, reader, for taking you thus far—it is but a little way—behind the scenes. This is the last time you will see our fast clerk in his glory.

Fred's sister is in London. She is come up to pay a visit to an old schoolfellow; and we think that she has it in charge to see what her brother is doing; for he does not often write home, and when he does, his letters have little information in them—are slightly ambiguous, in fact. Young Littlewit is rather put out by this unexpected visit. Not that he has lost all natural regard for his sister, though this has been weakened; but he sees that her presence will interfere with his pursuits, since he will be expected every day, after business, to dangle at her heels, as he elegantly expresses it, instead of spending his evenings far into the night, according to his wont. He puts a good face upon the matter, however, and sets his rooms a little in order, lest she should carry home too faithful a report of them; and determines on wearing his most innocent-looking mask while Julia is in London, hoping fervently that she won't stay over Epsom Races, for he must run down there at all events.

But Julia does stay over the Epsom week; and Fred finds, when he broaches the subject, that she has no particular objection to accompany him to the races. So now we come to the scene our artist has depicted. It lies in a small compass, and tells its own story.

It is the Derby day—early morning. With or without leave of absence, Littlewit has left his books locked up in his room at the offices, having left word, perhaps, that he is "absent on business;" and that he means to have an agreeable day of it, one can see by the heavily laden hamper of cold chicken, ham, wine, and so forth, just ready to be conveyed into the dog-cart close by, by his



THE MORNING OF THE DERRY DAY.



young page in top boots and cockaded hat. Yes, yes, we understand, though sister Julia is not yet in the secret, that there is a little knot of "choice spirits" (Mephistopheles among them) who are to share in the good things their young associate has undertaken to provide.

Of course, Fred has his betting-book closely buttoned up in his pocket; but Julia is to know nothing about that. We understand, too, that the dog-cart aforesaid is hired for the occasion. Next year, Fred boasts, he may have a "trap" of his own to drive. Next year!

And now he is ready to start. The stable-keeper has driven round for Miss Littlewit, and the "trap" is at the door of Fred's lodgings, or near it. Fred himself has just made his appearance in Epsom costume, green veil and all. It is "about the ticket," he says complacently, as he surveys himself and his equipage; and in another minute he will be rattling over the stones—so he thinks.

But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," says the old proverb; and another proverb, of higher authority, tells us that "he that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity," and that the triumphing of such as our infatuated youth is short. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." There is One, reader, who can, and who often does, "disappoint the devices of the crafty," at the very moment of greatest fancied prosperity, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise; fencing up their way, that they cannot pass, and setting darkness in their paths. Sometimes, indeed, a long course of uninterrupted profligacy is permitted to pass unchecked; but in the general order of Divine providence, retribution is seen to dog the heels of those who disregard the admonitions of true wisdom and the checks of conscience. "The perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them."

Retribution has followed hard after our unhappy youth, and has overtaken him. Observe his terror-stricken look, when the hand of a detective is laid on his shoulder, and he looks round to see, in that other hand, the warrant for his apprehension.

"You are wanted, young gentleman," says the officer, gravely and quietly. He has no need to be noisy; he knows his power.

"Wanted!—why—why—what do you mean? what for?"

"A little matter of FORGERY—that's all." There is no need for him to say more. Young Littlewit understands it all; his guilt-stricken looks tell us plainly that he knows as well as we know, as well as his captor knows, that "the game is up."

Vanish now, prisoner and officer; vanish unhappy, terrified sister of an unhappy brother; we shall meet them both again: but meanwhile Julia is rapidly driven back to her friend's house, distracted with the yet incomprehensible scene she has witnessed. Vanish also little page in gold and green, top-boots, and cockade; he must seek another service now. Vanish, young road-sweeper—happier as yet than the grand gentleman whom he has scarcely done envying. Vanish all—for another and pleasanter scene is before us. It will not detain us long.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Frank Speedwell is older than when we met with him last, and is more than ever in the confidence of his employer. He is evidently intrusted with business of importance, and knows how to conduct the merchant's affairs with advantage. You see integrity of heart and becoming modesty mingled with self-respect, in his countenance and demeanour, as he stands on equal terms with the bluff skipper, in the said skipper's own particular domains. Captain Bowline is fond of a joke, you see, and is good-humoured in his rough way. Probably he has an inkling of how matters stand with Frank and his employer; and the sly poke in Frank's side with the captain's big forefinger, accompanied by the upward drawing of the corners of the captain's mouth in a pleasant grin, and the merry twinkle of his dark eyes, seem to imply the question which we are pretty sure is just about to issue from between his lips—"I say, ship-mate, when's it to come off—Ha, ha! you know what I mean, brother—this here voyage in the connubial sea?" and then he will laugh again at his joke till his eyes water.

You are not to think, however, that Frank has passed all these years in dreaming about the happiness which is now evidently (even to Captain Bowline) within his grasp. No. From the first, he regarded his situation as an opportunity for exertion. He did not expect to find confidence or wealth ready made to his hand. He knew that the most any station in life could give him was an occasion for the honourable display of what he was, and what he could do. He was content, therefore, to advance step by step towards the goal of his ambition and the summit of his wishes; with good-will doing service, moreover, even though ultimate personal advantage should never result from it. For Frank knows something else, which his now unhappy though once elated fellow clerk never considered. He knows that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth;" that happiness is best secured by internal peace of conscience, combined with external employment to the full of one's power; that both of these conditions are needful to it; and that these, having in his case met, he had only to continue true to himself, and all will be well.

If, however, you, reader, are inclined to say that this dull plodding life of young Speedwell is, after all, a poor hum-drum undistinguished and undistinguishable sort of affair, we have to entreat your patience yet a little longer, giving you for your direction a very excellent motto—*RESPICE FINEM*—have respect to the end.

THE GREAT HOUSE MYSTERY.

It must strike any man of average intelligence, even if he has not been brought up in a shop, a warehouse, or a counting-house, that the quickest and surest way to dispose of an article is to mark it with the lowest selling price. In the eager race for trading profit, those shops and bazaars must surely run the quickest where everything is marked with plain figures. The opposite, and, perhaps,

more aristocratic system of abjuring labels, may sometimes produce an exceptional profit through a transaction with an ignorant buyer; but if the hundreds and thousands of timid people are taken into account, who never even inquire the prices of various articles, for fear of exposing their ignorance, that profit will be largely overbalanced by a considerable loss. I may take myself as a fair specimen of these individuals. I have money in my pocket, and I love to look at the shop windows. If I had been trained as a professional bidder at general auction sales, I should probably have known the value of all things, from a muslin to a grindstone, without the aid of a ticket. As, however, I have not had the advantage of this training, my money remains in my pocket, the unmarked diamonds, sables, work-boxes, silks, and watches remain in the shop windows, and I remain a free sight-seer, paying nothing for my show.

When I take up my newspaper every morning at breakfast, and look through that portion which is always interesting—the advertisement part—I am pleased to find that no such mystery with regard to price is affected by any sellers, except one numerous and important class. All kinds of property appeal to the great public to be bought, and, with this one exception, very properly state the exact money that will buy them. Wine property wraps itself in no cloak of selling secrecy; book property is scrupulously minute in its particulars of sale; tea property; clothes property; glass property; and even physic property come boldly forth to say what they think they are worth; and it is only house property that stalks behind them.

House rent is the great mystery of London. Ricardo's theory of rent was difficult to get at, but the practice seems more difficult still. Take any newspaper sheet containing the usual house-letting columns, and see how rigidly all the advertisements avoid stating the terms per annum. One or two babbling proprietors may do it, by way, perhaps, of appearing singular, but no one who valued his order ever ventured beyond hinting at a "moderate rental." Most people would suppose that houses were the identical property declared by M. Proudhon, the French philosopher, to be a theft, and that the owners were consequently fearful of declaring their value. Particulars are freely given about "healthy situations," "gravelly soil," "proximity to a railway station," "picturesque locality," "decorative repair," with the number of rooms—often without measurement—and remarks about their suitability to a large or small family; but the all-important fact of the rent—the thing that, in most cases, determines the "eligibility" of the premises—is carefully concealed from the expectant reader. By going across London, or writing to a certain agent's address, this fact may be learned, and when learned, after much delay and trouble, may prove that earlier knowledge would have saved you much labour. The same secrecy is observed at the premises which are to let; and you can get no information as to price, either from the window-hills or the housekeepers. You wander through the empty rooms, and end with the carpetless front parlour, where a policeman is mending boots in his

overtime, or an aged female is trying to warm herself over half-a-pint of fire. If you ask the policeman about the rent, he will refer you vacantly to the agent's address in the window; while, if you speak to the old woman on the same subject, she may probably tell you, in her ignorance of the higher combinations of the currency, that the landlord only asks eight hundred a-year, (for a ten-roomed house,) if he can be sure of a respectable tenant!

Of course, I know that house agents are at the bottom of this mystery, and that their constant reference to themselves is done to secure their commission, and perhaps increase their clients. I have no objection to the owners of house property intrusting its letting to these middlemen, nor to these middlemen issuing "cards to view" an empty barn, as if it was Chatsworth or Dulwich College. If this is done, however, in a business way, the contract between principal and agent ought to be so precise, that the latter should never be left in any doubt as to his remuneration. Let the house-owner honestly pay the commission after he has instructed his agent, under whatever circumstances the property may be disposed of; let the house agent always advertise the fullest particulars as to terms; and let no wretched house-seeker be further badgered by having to seek a dozen agents as well as a dwelling.

KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

PART II.

REFLECTING on the bygone atrocities of the burial of the dead among the homes of the living, and still more on the interment in the vaults of churches, we are not disposed to be too critical as to the taste displayed in suburban cemeteries. Contrasted with intramural grave-yards, the least attractive of their attempts at rural arrangements are positive blessings. In Kensal Green, the eye is pleased by the planting and gardening by which the general aspect of the place is relieved; but soon the thoughts are absorbed in the thick-strewn memorials of the dead. Where the sad literature is clustered together in the colonnades of the catacombs, the sensations are intense. Here is a catalogue of departed greatness, and worth, and patriotism, and learning; heroes of the sea and land, legislators, artists, authors, teachers of mankind; the brave, the wise, the humane, the charitable, the honoured and lamented by their country for their public services; these are laid side by side with the undistinguished dead, who yet had loving and mourning relatives to record their names and deplore their loss. How much, too, of grace and beauty is here laid in the dust! Death is a mighty leveller of distinctions. One hurries over the appalling list, ever and anon pausing at some well-remembered name. Alas! "the like event happeneth to all." "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war!"

I rest upon a sculptured tomb, and, shutting my eyes, press my folded hands upon my heavy

brow. The shades of many whose names I have been almost unconsciously uttering, pass before me as in a darkened vision, in their habits as they lived. Hawes of musical note, and official Planta, and Angelo the master of fence, are near together; and Clint, the honest and able artist, (whose bust, a good likeness, surmounts his tomb); and Sabine, who made the horticultural garden; and Marsden, the historian of Sumatra; and Beatty, the friend of Nelson, who received his last breath; and Kingston, the trusted secretary of George IV; and Robert Brown, the prince of botanists; and Brunel, and Smeaton, and Rendel, and Troughton, the honours of mechanical arts and sciences; and Smirke, and Loudon, "whose works (it is set down) are his best monument;" and Dr. Valpy, his monument "erected by eleven surviving children;" and Thomas Tooke, and many more, who so recently adorned or instructed the breathing world, all came like shadows, and so departed.

A renewal of my walk brought me to royal remains. This solid granite in front of the chapel is "In memory of H. R. H. Augustus F., Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George the Third;" and across the path is the grave of the Princess Sophia.* Remote from the Grand Master of Masons is the tomb of a humble Thomson, who was thirty-eight years Deacon of the Grand Lodge over which he so ably presided, to whose worth the brethren have raised this testimony; whilst almost touching the narrow abode of H. R. H. is the last memorial of the indefatigable Joseph Hume, for forty years a useful and justly popular senator. A splendid mausoleum enshrines the remains of Sir William Molesworth, who is stated to have been "taken prematurely away before he could compass his great object, the regeneration of our colonial system;" and the ever active George Robins lies near, with a handsome monument and a dozen lines of fair poetry, to commemorate the good qualities which won him the kindly regards of relatives and friends. Another well-known and esteemed man of the day, Savory, chemist, and gentleman of the royal chamber, is in like manner (not in verse) gratefully embalmed by his worthy nephew and successor; and while mentioning an instance of becoming gratitude to an uncle, I may notice one unobtrusive stone set up by two ladies, with the motto, "We hope to meet our aunt in bliss." This is not intended to be facetious, though near a curve where rest on either side the relics of some of those who contributed much to the genial enjoyments of social life and joyous amusement.

But first I must glance with a tearful eye to a fine tablet and eloquent Latin legend under the colonnade, to the memory of Mackworth Praed, one of the sweetest and most playful of the minor poets of our age. Nor in this locality must I omit the monument to the Naval Brigade at Sebastopol, whose names are here preserved for their country's gratitude. In their laborious and perilous service,

latterly with a Keppel to lead them, they lost eight officers killed, three who died of exertion and fatigue, and thirty wounded; and of men, 116 killed, 41 who died subsequently, and 431 wounded—five hundred and twenty-nine in all, being nearly every second man of this invincible force, which was nominally only 1200 strong. The press may write, and the orators may speak about our national defences. Let us study this most significant of monuments, and learn who and where they "whose rampart is the sea" are to be surely found! Very near, a medal (the only one I saw) with *immortelle* suspended over his tomb, bears witness to the individual gallantry of a Lieutenant Leary.

But onward in our course. "Where be their gibes and their jests now?" What! can it be that, in this place of solitude and sadness, with not a laugh to reward his comic humour, lies John Liston, with his wife, once "the sweet little wren" Tyrer, and his only son, beneath the same cold stone? And that other is but an empty sound, inscribed with the name of the Scottish vocalist, John Wilson, who so sweetly translated Burns' exquisite lyrics to southern ears, but who rests in Canada, afar off and nearer the roar of Niagara. Tom Cooke, truly engraved, "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; erected by friends to his musical genius and unblemished character." Private worth beyond the sentiments here expressed justly warranted the tribute; for his jest never inflicted a pain; and however uncongenial any approach to lightness is upon the gravestone, Westminster Abbey gives us the moral for all poor jesters:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it!"

Hardly less reconcilable to good taste is the insignificant line beneath the colossal and unrecognisable bust of Thomas Hood, "He sang the Song of the Shirt!" as if, philanthropic, and full of the milk of human kindness as this song is, he had not attained a yet more lofty station, and a title to be recorded amidst the genius of England—a station lasting as his granite sepulchre, with its fine relieving, (designed, I believe, by Gilbert, and modelled by Edwards,) the whole forming one of the most successful monuments in this artistically barren space. A blackbird has run from under the trees across his vault! Ah me, what a song he would have made of the unlooked-for incident! How many quips and turns, and curious ideas and pathetic touches, combining smiles with tears, laughter with the gushing heart! Adieu, dear Hood, of most peculiar wit, rare fancy, and natural pathos, "I ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

I may repeat my observation on the decorousness, in all respects, which prevails over these deep solitudes and awful cells. There are many specimens of bad poetry, but no absolutely ludicrous compositions revolt the softened mind. Simplicity, not far removed from the weaknesses of the Lake school, only provokes a transient smile.

"As a leaf fallen from a tree,
Death has parted You and Me."

This is not the most distinct of similes; but the following is a clear expression of circumstances and sorrows:—

* The reason assigned for H. R. H.'s choice of this site for his final resting-place, was that his wife, the Duchess of Inverness, might, on her decease, be laid by his side, the body being precluded from sepulture in the royal family vaults at Windsor. Why the princess, his sister, selected the same locality is not stated.

"Here lies the only comfort of my life,
A tender mother, and a faithful wife;
No peace, nor comfort shall I ever have,
Till I lie by her in this silent grave."

Such are among the most innocent specimens of the unlettered muse; unless some of a higher order may be concealed under the antiquated black letter type, with which absurd practice it has pleased many stone-cutters to decorate their works, so as to prevent their being intelligible, except to a few stray archæologists. Amusing emblems of war disfigure a number of monuments by their ridiculous execution; and in too many cases the immortelles (a fashion from France) are worn off their woolly and dishevelled circlets. Occasionally, more perishable things tell a more touching tale of cherished regrets. On one flat stone I remarked a geranium in blossom, in a common earthen ware pot, set in a common blue-pattern saucer; on another an immortelle, but covered by a bell-glass, as if for longer "immortality" than the chaplet could hope for in the open air. These were traits of nature to make the whole world kin. Dear is that geranium to some fond bosom: frangible as that glass is some breaking heart.

And, no doubt, despite all the world's frivolity and selfishness and obduracy, full many a wasting thought, and many a weeping eye, and many an aching soul, expatiate on this city of the dead, and feel more deeply that such is the place appointed for all living. Its contemplation recognises a wholesome fellowship with death, a communion with that destiny which is the common lot of humanity. Between fifteen and sixteen thousand graves and vaults have been purchased here, and probably fifty thousand tenants occupy the dark chambers—how dimly invested it were a horror to imagine, were it not for the bright hope beyond the tomb!

There are many holy texts to teach the lesson how to live and how to die. For, "as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Alas! "he shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more." But then, to set over against the sad facts of man's mortality, there are the cheering truths of Christian revelation. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Jesus saith, I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

A funeral has just entered the gate. There are the pale faces of children washed in tears; there are lovely female features stony with grief: there are manly countenances furrowed with anxieties. What a centre of human passions must be borne within that poor, black, narrow hearse!

I must leave the sad scene, repeating the words of the pious Hervey, in his "Meditations among the Tombs":—"Let me employ my little uncertain interval of respite in preparing for a happier state and better life; that, when my fatal moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again to see my Saviour in the mansions above!"

A VISIT TO BLENHEIM.

ONE morning recently, as we were sitting at breakfast, the postman brought us a letter from a friend in Oxfordshire, with the news that the Palace of Blenheim was on fire—that the driver of the cross-country mail had seen the flames at four o'clock in the morning, and that, up to the middle of the day, they were still burning. This news brought to our remembrance the pleasant day we had spent at the palace during our last Oxfordshire ramble; and we beg to lay the following account of it before the reader. It turned out that only the apartment known as the "Titian Room" has been consumed. "The regret," says Mr. G. Scharf, in the report in the 'Athenæum,' "will be lessened by the recollection that these paintings were never accepted by the best judges as works either of Titian, or even as directly of his school." The subjects of the pictures were also of a kind to cause this destruction to be the less regretted. A masterpiece of Rubens has, however, also perished. It so happened that this was the only part of the collection which we did not inspect—the Titian Room being shut up at the time. The description here given of the works of art contained in the palace is therefore as applicable at the present moment as it was at the date of our visit.

It was on one of the very few fine days in the month of June last, that we took a country drive of something over a dozen miles to the old town of Woodstock—a town of some historical note, and which once enjoyed much more reputation, and prosperity too, than it has done since the age of iron roads and of steam-aided manufactures. Our readers will recollect that Woodstock was at one time the prison abode of good Queen Bess, who, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was confined in the ancient palace or Manor House, by order of her priest-ridden sister Mary, under the pretence of privy to complots against her government. The old palace that formed the queen's prison has long disappeared, and not a vestige of it now remains. Tradition has preserved some lugubrious verselets, said to have been composed by the virgin queen during her imprisonment, expressive at once of her profound melancholy, and of her vehement hatred of her enemies; they are, however, such a specimen of crabbed unmitigated doggerel, that we shall spare the reader the infliction of them—being not without a suspicion that, although they were found written with a diamond on the window-pane, or, according to others, with charcoal on the window-shutter of the royal lady's chamber, after her departure, they were the forgery of some meddling blockhead, and not the genuine effusion of the royal muse.

But, long before Elizabeth's time, Woodstock was a place of note. Besides being the scene of that somewhat questionable historical romance, the materials of which were a faithless king, a frail beauty, a limpid well or bath, an impracticable labyrinth with its silken clue, and a vengeful wife bearing dagger and poison, it has other and better claims to be remembered. For here, during a considerable portion of his life, dwelt famous old Chaucer, the "father of English poetry," and here he is said

to have written many of his works. His house, which was in existence in the beginning of the last century, stood near the entrance of Blenheim Park, and in it was a folio volume of his works, chained to a reading-desk for the use of all who chose to avail themselves of it.

In the "good old English times," Woodstock was famous for its manufactures in steel, which were highly prized, and deservedly so, being of finest temper and wrought with exquisite skill. That branch of manufacture has, however, long died out; it vanished before the competition of Sheffield and Birmingham, and not a trace of it remains. It was also famous for its doe-skin gloves, much affected by gentlemen of the whip, and by Oxonians especially; and the gloves still remain, and command a tolerable market, though the does, judging from samples we have met with, seemed to have declined furnishing their skins any longer, and to have delegated that honour to the sheep. We can ourselves remember Woodstock as it flourished in the old Napoleonic war days, more than forty years ago, ere the iron roads were as much as thought of, and when the merry stage-coaches trundled along the macadamized ways, and a round number of them dropped their hungry burdens at the door of the hospitable Bear in the centre of the town. Then Woodstock was all alive, and active and bustling from dawn to dark; and we are sensible of a striking and sombre change in the aspect of affairs, as, driving through the old town and up the hill into the new, we greet the Bear once more, after so long an absence, and find him dusty and dreary, and more than half deleted, looking down from the gibbet on which he swings, upon a town all but asleep, and where, as we gaze up the long street towards Blenheim, the visible out-door population numbers less than a dozen. But the Bear is a good fellow yet, and has ready hands and comfortable cheer within his capacious hostelry; so, fixing our head-quarters there, we set out without loss of time to inspect the marvels of the great ducal residence and its picturesque surroundings.

On passing through the triumphal arch which stands at the outskirts of the town, and forms the entrance to the park, we are rather startled with the sudden view of a grand and picturesque landscape. An ample lake of mirror-like water lies low down in the valley at our feet; on the steep sloping sides, tall ancestral trees spread their shadows along the green sward, and in the middle ground a handsome bridge of classical design spans the flood; while beyond in the distance, what seems a forest of dense leafage terminates in hills and swells of soil, where the tints of green fade into purple and grey. An ample drive to the left of this open view leads through a broad avenue of trees to the palace. This building it has been the fashion to characterize as sombre and heavy, and critics have snubbed it without ceremony, because it is a production of Vanburgh, whose structures were many of them justly open to that reproach. We are constrained to say that, if we had never heard of that objection, we should not have thought of making it in this case, as the edifice appears to us most appropriate to its purpose and in harmony with its site.

The admission either to the house or gardens is by tickets, to be purchased on the spot at a shilling each. Furnished with these, we are admitted to the hall, where we enter our name and address in a book, and then, pending the arrival of the guide who has to show us round, we have time to look about us. We recognise the doings of Thornhill on the roof, more than sixty feet above our heads, where Victory crowns the duke, who appears in Roman garb. On the side galleries of the hall are some full-length portraits by Lely, and over the door is a bust of the great warrior. Statues, busts, and bronzes, most of them excellent, and all far exceeding in merit the paintings of Thornhill or Hudson, which latter artist has ornamented the stair-case, are placed on pedestals, or in niches around the hall. Hence we are led by the guide to the dining-room, and thence through a series of lofty apartments, which, under the denominations of drawing-rooms, saloons, cabinets, etc., form a succession of magnificent picture galleries, some four hundred feet in length, and the long perspective of which, through the open door-ways, is visible from one end to the other. The various apartments are filled with choice and elaborately-finished furniture, the description of which must be dispensed with, as, with few exceptions, it is all shrouded in canvas coverings from the gaze of the curious. The pictures, however, are all excellently visible in a good clear light, and to these we gladly devote the time, lamentably too brief for the purpose, which the guide will allow us.

The first thing which strikes the visitor to this rare collection is the great number of works by Rubens, their astonishing skill, and their marvellous freshness. There are not less than two dozen of them in all; nearly all are gallery pictures, averaging, perhaps, some seventy square feet each, and among them are the finest efforts of the master, and in fact the finest works of their class to be found in the world. Those who have only seen the Rubenses in the National Gallery can form but a faint idea of the lavish luxuriance of his colouring, which in the national specimens is either covered up by the deposits of London smoke, damp, and fog, or has been skinned off and disguised by the unprincipled recklessness of London cleaners and restorers. Here these grand pictures appear in all their freshness, just as they left the easel of the artist; and indeed, with regard to some of them, you might imagine that they were painted but yesterday, and were yet moist from the painter's hand; and yet these pictures, two centuries old, have never been cleaned. Such is the advantage to be derived to works of art from keeping them in an unpolluted atmosphere. Perhaps still more remarkable than the colouring of Rubens is his Titanic power of hand displayed in the magnificent drawing of the human figure, and indeed of every object which he delineates: it not merely satisfies the connoisseur who would measure him by the rules of art, but it delights and amazes the critic with its prodigality of vigour and consummate fidelity. Among those which are likely to afford the spectator most pleasure during the rapid glimpse he will be compelled to take, are *Lot and his Daughters*; *Rubens himself*,

his wife, and child; and the *Saviour blessing the Children*. Equally excellent as works of art, if less interesting in other respects, are the *Bacchanalian Procession*, and *Lot's Departure from Sodom*.

The paintings which, next to those of Rubens, may be found most interesting, are the three fine works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which also are in unrivalled preservation, though, owing to Sir Joshua's careless practice of mingling good and bad ingredients together, they look a century older, instead of a century newer, as they should do, than those of Rubens. Of these, the finest is a group of George the third Duke of Marlborough, and his family. The figures are numerous, of life size, and most admirably posed on the canvas, and the faces are unsurpassed in delicacy of colouring. One of the figures is a lovely child of six or seven years of age, who is represented as playfully frightening a pet greyhound, by showing it a mask. This charming child is still living, in the venerable person of the Countess Dowager of Shaftesbury, now in her eighty-sixth year. The other works of Reynolds are portraits of the same family.

Of the works of Vandeyck there are seven, most of them of the first class; but, excellent as they are in all respects, they seem to be almost equalled by the magnificent full-lengths of Mytens. Among the most notable of the whole collection, is a grand altar-piece ascribed to Raphael, with figures of the Virgin and Child, St. John, and St. Nicholas; though painted some three hundred and fifty years ago, and never cleaned, this picture looks perfectly fresh and pure; but, to our eye, it wants the clear luminous colouring which is the charm of Raphael's finest efforts. One of the Rembrandts is a very striking picture of Isaac blessing the fraudulent Jacob—his mother, an evident Dutch *materfamilias*, standing by. Of Carlo Dolci there are many specimens, some of them superlatively fine; and there are several Titians, demanding that deliberate attention which we have no time to bestow upon them. A remarkably curious work is a picture of the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, by old Franck—a picture which, for mass and multitude of figures, rivals the dreams of John Martin, although it is at the same time scrupulously minute and faithful in matters of fact and detail. A number of the productions of other celebrated artists, chiefly Flemish and Italian, together with a few landscapes, some of which are by Claude, and some by Albert Cuypp, and one or two fine portraits by Gainsborough and Romney, make up the mass of the collection. The only objectionable pictures among them all are two small pieces by Rothenhammer, which are worthless as works of art, being hideously out of drawing as well as offensive in other respects.

In some of the apartments there are exhibited, together with the paintings, some most expansive surfaces of tapestry, which are of rare and startling excellence. They are very little faded, if faded at all, and they are one and all pictures on a panoramic scale, of memorable events—marches, battles, and sieges—in the life of the famous duke. The foreground figures are all portraits, and it is difficult to imagine them wrought by the loom, so vivid and

life-like are the actors, and so natural the scenery of the landscapes. Among the principal figures are the favourite officers and servants of the duke, while there are the portraits even of the horses and dogs which served and accompanied him in his campaigns.

From the long suite of apartments which form the picture-gallery, we pass on into the library, which is certainly the most magnificent depository for books that can be conceived. It is above a hundred and eighty feet in length. The latticed shelves contain some seventeen thousand volumes, mainly of grim vellum folios and old-world literature, collected by Charles, third Earl of Sunderland. Statues and busts are placed in recesses and on pedestals, and a life-sized statue of Queen Anne, by Rysbrach, seems to be the presiding genius of the place. Portraits by Kneller and others are ranged over the bookcases, and a fine landscape, by Gaspar Poussin, surmounts the fire-place.

From the library we are led to the chapel, to Rysbrach's immense marble monument to the duke and his two sons, erected at the cost of £30,000. The monument is a most superb and elaborate work, wanting nothing but simplicity to make it as perfect as art can be. It is matched, in point of elaboration and comparative expensiveness, by a pulpit built of a kind of alabaster, and bristling with sculptured heads and ornaments. The remains of the great warrior rest here in the vault below.

On proceeding to the gardens we are placed under the conduct of a guide, and commence the garden tour. Starting from a smooth-shaven lawn, and down a flight of steps, we are soon inclosed in a wilderness of floral scenery, and gazing, at every new turn and angle in the path, on fresh revelations of picturesque beauty. It is impossible, from the single and rapid survey which can be taken in an unbroken walk of less than a couple of hours, to bring away anything like an adequate idea of a garden so extensive, so varied, and so rich in plants and flowers of every description. We can only say that we followed the lead of our guide for about a mile, or perhaps something more, in a direction nearly south, the whole distance lying through plots of gorgeous flowers, of exotic shrubs, of magnificent cedars and cypresses, and by streams of water crossed by rustic bridges; through lawns and meadows spotted with azaleas and rhododendrons, in monster groups and masses, and where the tulip tree shot up to fifty feet; where the Judas tree showed like a mountain of ripe red fruit; where immemorial oaks, their dead limbs shrouded in ivy, stretched their gloved arms across the path; and where an infinite variety of vegetating forms, in great part unfamiliar to the sight, challenged admiration and invited inquiry. By and by we cross the river which runs through the valley, and then, traversing mossy meadows gemmed with beds of flowers, begin to ascend the steep bank on the other side. Ere long our path seems blocked up by a fragment of rock, craggy and ponderous, and we are about to turn away; but the guide touches the rock with his shoulder, and the heavy mass swings round on its unseen pivot, and allows us to pass. And now we are in the "rock garden," where the

soil is contained in the cavities and interstices of the huge fragments of stone piled against the hill-side, while flowers and plants of rarest hues and scents festoon the rugged ramparts. Here the sound of rushing waters, which, for the last furlong or so, has been mingling with the voices of the forest trees, grows fierce and deafening. Following a winding path, we descend towards a bridge crossing an estuary of the lake, and, turning an angle suddenly, are in front of an artificial cascade, contrived on a scale so grand as almost to rival the savage lynyms of Scotland, or the rock-leaping falls of North Wales. Here the whole body of water which forms the lake already described, is precipitated over a fence of rock, and, falling headlong from one craggy projection to another, plunges in the form of foam and spray into a basin below, and thence it winds its way forward in a quiet stream until it joins the river Evenlode, a tributary to the Isis, near the boundary of Blenheim Park, some mile or so further on. The cascade is the most picturesque scene in the whole gardens, the entire column of falling water being overhung with a broad bower of densest foliage.

We return towards the palace by a new route, partly along the banks of the lake—a route as charming and as varied as that by which we came, but totally different in character, as it commands views across the water, with occasional fine breaks of distant landscape. We are fatigued enough by this time to be glad to rest in the rustic temple—a charming piece of unwrought wooden architecture, standing on a site commanding pleasant views over the gardens and park, and not far from the spot whence we set forth on our circuit.

Emerging from the gardens, and freed from our guide, we have leisure for a stroll in the park, which is at all times open to the use of the public. The grounds are very extensive, well timbered, and prodigally stocked with deer. The most striking object, next to the mansion we have just quitted, is the monument, a fluted doric column a hundred and thirty feet high, crowned with a statue of the duke in Roman costume, with Victory in his hand. The pedestal is inscribed most voluminously with matters legislative and genealogical, and with an account of the duke's exploits, said to be from the pen of Lord Bolingbroke—the whole furnishing matter enough to fill a pamphlet. The monument is reached by crossing the grand bridge which spans the lake, and from its side is obtained the finest view of the palace and its surrounding scenery.

In the above description of Blenheim we have without doubt omitted much that is worthy of observation and remembrance. We trust, however, that some of our readers, when disposed for a pleasant country jaunt, may follow in our steps and observe for themselves. First making sure that Blenheim is open to view—for at certain seasons it is closed—they may travel from Euston Square to Handborough station by rail, and thence a walk of half an hour will bring them to Woodstock. If, after seeing Blenheim, they can devote a few days to excursions in the surrounding neighbourhood, they may derive both health and profit from the trip.

THE UNITED STATES' CENSUS OF 1860.

THE Governor of the State of New York, in his annual Message, communicates the aggregate of the last national census of the United States, as furnished to him (subject to final correction) by the Secretary of the Interior. The total population numbers 31,374,856, classified as follows:—

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Free population of the 33 States | 27,112,006 |
| Slaves in the same | 3,878,000 |
| People of the Territories (including Kansas) | 384,856 |
| Total | 31,374,856 |
| Census of 1850 | 23,191,074 |
| Increase in ten years | 8,183,782 |
| Increase per annum | 818,378 |
| Percentage of increase in the decade | 35 |

Eight States contain more than 1,000,000 inhabitants each. These are:—

| | 1860. | 1850. |
|-------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| New York | 3,827,000 | 3,007,394 |
| Pennsylvania | 2,913,441 | 2,311,786 |
| Ohio | 2,283,982 | 1,980,329 |
| Illinois | 1,789,496 | 851,470 |
| Virginia | 1,658,190 | 1,421,661 |
| Indiana | 1,347,000 | 988,416 |
| Massachusetts | 1,331,499 | 924,514 |
| Georgia | 1,075,977 | 906,185 |

Of these eight States, only the fifth and last are slaveholding. During the last ten years Illinois has overtaken the four States last on the list. In other respects their relative positions are unchanged since 1850.

Virginia, which in the census of 1790 occupied the first place, has gradually sunk to the fifth. The growth in population of three other north-western States is remarkable:—

| | 1860. | 1850. |
|---------------------|---------|---------|
| Michigan | 749,989 | 397,654 |
| Wisconsin | 777,771 | 305,391 |
| Iowa | 676,435 | 192,214 |

The cities containing a population of more than 40,000 number twenty-one. They are as follows:—

| | 1860. | 1850. |
|-------------------------------------|---------|---------|
| New York | 814,277 | 515,647 |
| Philadelphia | 568,084 | 403,762 |
| Brooklyn | 273,425 | 96,839 |
| Baltimore | 214,037 | 169,054 |
| Boston | 177,902 | 136,881 |
| New Orleans | 170,766 | 116,375 |
| St. Louis | 162,179 | 77,860 |
| Cincinnati | 160,060 | 114,435 |
| Chicago | 159,420 | 39,909 |
| Buffalo (New York) | 81,132 | 42,261 |
| Louisville (Kentucky) | 75,196 | 43,194 |
| Newark (New Jersey) | 72,055 | 38,594 |
| Albany | 67,453 | |
| San Francisco | 66,000 | 31,870 |
| Washington | 61,400 | 40,001 |
| Providence (Rhode Island) | 50,689 | 41,531 |
| Rochester (New York) | 48,096 | 36,403 |
| Detroit (Michigan) | 46,834 | 21,019 |
| Milwaukee (Wisconsin) | 45,323 | 20,061 |
| Cleveland (Ohio) | 43,550 | 17,034 |
| Charleston (S. Carolina) | 40,194 | 42,985 |

The increase in the cities of Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Chicago, is particularly noticeable. The only decrease occurs in Charleston. In reference to the relative position of Baltimore and Boston, it may be observed that were the suburbs of both taken into account, Boston, which is surrounded by so many flourishing satellites of this kind, would rank fourth on the list. The citizens of Cincinnati, discontented with the results of the national census taken in the summer, which place her below St. Louis, have since ordered and taken a municipal census, and find that in the autumn they numbered 171,293. Of the above-named twenty-one cities, fifteen are non-slaveholding and six slaveholding. The slaveholding cities (including the national capital) occupy the fourth, sixth, seventh, eleventh, fifteenth, and twenty-first places on the list. The cities numbering between 25,000 and 40,000 inhabitants are numerous, and include, among others, Troy, New Haven, Richmond, Lowell, Jersey City, Portland, Syracuse, Cambridge, Charlestown (Massachusetts), Roxbury, Worcester, Savannah, Mobile, Hartford, Nashville, and Columbus.